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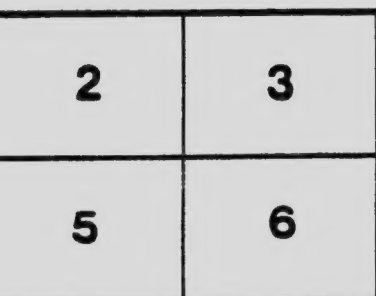
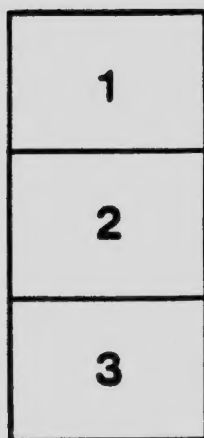
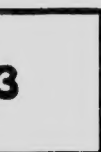
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Sunshine and Shadow

POEMS BY
ADA ELIZABETH FULLER

Ada Elizabeth Fuller.

"



Sunshine *and* Shadow

P o e m s by

ADA ELIZABETH FULLER

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Page two

Sunshine and Shadow

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First Edition

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PREFACE

Soon will the old year be merging into the mists of the distance

Taking its place in the pageant of years that have passed on
before it.

With it have come Life's smiles and its tears, and God's benediction,

Brightening all of the sorrows of Life with His tranquil to-
morrow.

So shall it be to the end; but, brightening the darkest of sorrows,

Comes the sweet thought of the friends of the past and the
friends of the future.

Into our lives do they come and pass as the clouds in the ether.

So, through the skein of Existence, come shadows and bright
rays of sunshine,

For Life is ever a beautiful contrast of sunshine and shadow.

MY HEART'S PRAYER

(To Mildred Alice Agla) Mrs. David Stewart

Blow soft, oh cool sweet wind,
From God's fair home to me!
Blow, and bring thoughts of her
Wherever she may be.
'Tis long since I saw her last,
Still I know yon azure sky
That shines so sweetly o'er her,
Now brings her mem'ry nigh.
Perhaps the sun, so golden,
Caressed the silken hair,
And, with a touch as gentle,
Left dancing gold-glints there.
I know the sun, true guardian,
Has watched her day by day,
And, in my lonely waiting,
Sent me his evening ray.
Oh God, our Heavenly Father,
Watch o'er her every day;
Safe in Thy Holy Keeping
May she remain alway!

THE BOY WHO DIED AT THE FRONT

Nothing is heard but the hush that arose with the early dawn;
We gather the harvests in, but the fields look sad and forlorn.
No more his songs re-echo in the wake of the busy plow,
While only the farm-hand's whistle is heard through the meadows now.

We toil through the busy day to the noisy sound of the flail.
Disconsolate sit the crows on the top of the barnyard rail.
No more his cheery voice will answer his horse's neigh,
And the wild, glad barks of his dog are things of a by-gone day.

How bravely he marched away at the sound of his Country's call!
How proudly we watched him go—the joy of our hearts and our all!
No more his cherry songs are heard in the orchard now;
No more his hand is guiding the path of the busy plow!

THE PRISONER

In a deep, damp cell, and murky,
Where the sun's rays never fall,
And only the lamp of the turnkey
Glitters upon the wall;
With a scaffold's gloom around me,
And nearing every day,
I think of a far-off country,
In the happy month of May.

And my Mother's face comes nearer—
Do I see her smile again?
Has her boy, to her, grown dearer
Through the darkened years of pain?
And then, with a heart nigh breaking,
To my God I turn to pray,
With a heart that's dull and aching,
With the shame of a coming day.

But the scaffold's gloom will find me,
As with all true Englishmen,
Proud to fight for my country,
And to die for her in the end!
But God will shield my Mother
From the pain of my disgrace—
Oh, may we come together,
In a brighter, happier place!

O, HAPPY DAY!

Far off the sun's last rays,
Flush soft the glowing west;
While homeward slowly strays
The shepherd's flock to rest.
And, through the solemn hour,
The evening star shines bright
Above the old church tower,
Soft-shadowed by its light.

The only sounds now heard,
But make the night more still.
Some darkness-loving bird,
Low circles o'er the hill.
And then my thoughts will stray,
Far backward in the past,
And linger on a distant day—
The day I saw you last.

I saw you last— It seems
'Twas years and years ago—
'Tis like the fairy dreams,
That gently come and go.
But though the years are long,
And thou art far away,
My love is now as strong
As on our parting day.

But now the sun has set—
The night grows dark and chill;
The glowing stars have met
The moon behind the mill.
Your sun, for me, still glows,
In tranquil love and rest,
Soft-shadowed like the rose
Late shining in the west.

So, through the years, I'll send
My loving thoughts to thee—
God grant our souls may blend
In Heaven's Eternity.
Then, when life's toil is o'er,
And come the promised rest,
We'll meet on Heaven's fair shore,
Beyond the glowing west.

MY SHIP ON THE SPANISH MAIN

When I was a lad, I lay and dreamed
Of pirates with ships of gold.
And, from the tales I read, it seemed
They had more than they could hold.
So they hid it deep, where the furious Don
Could never hope to see,
His stolen treasure—for they had gone
From the coast of Barbary.

And the more I dreamed, the more I thought,
That I would a pirate be.
I'd hide the wealth, that I had sought,
Off the coast of Barbary.
Then I would sail the Spanish Main,
In my ship so stout and true.
And over the waves would chase again,
The ship and her Spanish crew.

The years have passed, and I am old,
But the children round my knee,
Read of the pirates, fierce and bold,
That sailed on the Spanish Sea.
And they too, dream, as I once dreamed,
That they would pirates be—
As I listened to them, it almost seemed
I had sailed my Spanish sea.

A VISION OF BROWN EYES

In the dusk and gloom of the study,
The pale moon sheds a gleam;
And deep in my heart I ponder,
As I watch the silv'ry stream.
For down in its mystic shadows,
I can trace the outlines clear,
Of a face all wreathed in laughter,
And eyes like a moonlit mere.

And deep in the gossamer shadows,
Of the moonbeam in my room,
I see your face still smiling,
Into the evening gloom.
Smiling, smiling, smiling,
In the moonbeam's misty grace—
Slipping into the shadows,
Faded the Vision Face!

NOCTURNE

Into the depths of the West, love, into the heart of the sun
Thither my thoughts would trend, Dear, after the day is done.
And, through the hours that part us, joy in my heart holds
 sway,
For you are the light of the morn, Love, your soul is the close
 of day.

Lo, when Life's shadows shall darken, sunbeams of hope shall
 shine;
Tendrils of thoughts of You, Dear, close 'round my heart
 will twine.
So, o'er Life's flaming dawns, visions of You will play,
For though you're the light of my morn, Love, your soul is
 its close of day.

CATKINS

Catkins come a-creeping through the frosts of early Spring,
With baby heads a-hooded from the north-wind's bitter sting.
And o'er the gray old meadows comes a robin on the wing.

Catkins come a-stealing through the first gray dawn of day,
In quiet nooks where Winter's snows are melting fast away.
The robin swells his crimson breast to chant the first Spring lay.

Catkins come a-peeping when the days grow warm and long—
Like little hooded frairs they, a mystic shadow-throng—
To mingle with the rapture of the robin's cheery song.

SOLILOQUY

Upon the river's dark and silent breast,
I saw the bright reflection of a star.
Upon the bridge I idly leaned at rest,
And let sweet mem'ries bear my soul afar.

SONG OF THE AVIATOR

Up in the cloud depths,
Tender and blue,
Paths that the eagle
Once proudly knew.
Into the heart of
The sunset's glow,
Still soaring upward
To Heav'n I go.

Mine is the joy of
The sky's blue span,
Free of the trammels
That speaks of man.
Alone with my thoughts
And God's blue sky,
Still soaring onward,
To Heav'n I fly.

Over the cities
I wing my way,
Far from the noise of
The wordlings' day.
Into the West where
The sunsets die,
Still soaring Heav'nward,
Ever I fly!

ON THE REMEMBRANCE OF A SMILE

Oh, Love of my Heart, when the blue dawn is breaking,
And brooks chatter gaily 'tween banks bright with dew,
Oh then will my mem'ry, the present forsaking,
Be laden with visions of Springtime and You!

Though others may charm for a moment's light fancy,
My soul will be filled with a longing for you
Through life's lonely years will I cherish your mem'ry—
Oh, Dear Little Love, I will always be true!

Oh, Love of my Heart, when the sunset is dying,
And burning the heart of the West with its gleams,
Ah, then will my thoughts, like a bird homeward flying,
Entwine your sweet smiles with the mist of my dreams!

THE SPIRIT OF NOONTIDE

The maple trees are dreaming
 Beneath the sun's bright ray.
 The birds have ceased their singing
 At noontide of the day.
 But little breezes murmur,
 The skies are fair and blue,
 And earth is turned to Paradise
 At ev'ry thought of You!

Across the sunny meadow
 The robin darts away,
 And butterflies are dancing
 Throughout the dreamy day.
 And all the world is merry
 When June comes back anew,
 And earth is turned to Paradise
 Whene'er I think of You!

The drowsy noontide murmurs
 The dearest name I know.
 It echoes and re-echoes
 In accents sweet and low.
 The sun was never brighter,
 Nor were the skies more blue;
 And earth is turned to Paradise
 Because I think of You!

THE PEASANT'S PRAYER

And are ye going to leave me, lass,
 To leave me here alone?
 The long, long days shall grieve me, lass,
 My heart shall fret its home.
 For you are all I have to love,
 And we are friends indeed!
 The very stars that shine above
 Shall hearken while I plead.
 For I shall plead for thee, my lass,
 Shall plead both day and night.
 Tho' rich or poor I be, my lass,
 Ye'll be my guiding light!
 At midnight when the storm is black,
 And lightning fills the pass,
 A prayer shall pierce the stormy rack—
 "Oh Father, keep my lass!"

A FANTASIE

I dreamed of my love when the day-light died,
While the crooning breezes softly sighed,
And the bright stars twinkled one by one,
As the light in his happy eyes had done.
But the restless poplars danced in glee,
And echoed the things he'd said to me.

I dreamed of my love as the daylight grew,
And the morn came radiant—rose and blue—
But the little birds sang, "Rejoice, rejoice,
There is love in his heart, and in his voice."
And the sentinel cedars softly sing,
"Love is a beautiful, God-sent thing."

LINES WRITTEN IN DRUMMOND HILL CEMETERY

The brooding voice of Spring is in the air,
The mighty winds are hushed—are very still;
Within a burial ground I wind my way—
A sunny place upon a sunny hill.

I fain would read a legend here and there,
But Time has passed with his erasing hand;
And on the battered stones that head these graves,
The half intelligible letters stand.

The peace of God which no man understands,
Beams kindly down upon the greening sod!
And underneath where sacred ashes lie,
Of those who've gone before to meet their God.

Full many an unknown spirit lies at peace,
With heart against the earth's warm heart close-pressed,
Their dust, as ashes of the Rose that lie,
Its perfume gone, fallen to earth's soft breast.

The summer sky is kind to all alike,
And over all the skies are fair and clear,
And in the solemn stillness of this hour,
It seems as if I were intruding here.

But no resentment those poor ashes feel,
For God has called their souls from here below.
And in this hour He speaks to my lone soul—
He seems to call and I could wish 'twere so.

But God has measured out my length of days,
And His sweet will is all in all to me.
Oh Father, guide my thoughts, my life, my soul,
To Thy great glory, till Thou callest me!

THE DROWSY SONG

Tell me whither, oh wind of noon,
You flutter so drowsily!
"From the glowing East to the glowing West,
To the twilight's depths, and the land of rest,
O'er the valleys' green and the mountain's crest,
I flutter under the moon!"

Take me thither, oh cooling breeze,
To the wonderful land of Dreams!
"From the busy East to the sleepy West,
Where the shadows lie and the Dreams are best,
I'll take you into the land of rest,
To slumber under the trees!"

THE SONG OF THE WORLD

This is the song of me, the World!
Careless of heartaches and tears am I.
I have no love in my great, cold heart,
Showing my scorn of a bitter sigh!
Souls that have wearied of life and care,
Are folded away in my stony breast—
I'm tired of counting the endless throng
That come to me for their last, long rest.

This is the song of me, the World!
Out on my sands where the oceans roll,
The lifeless form of a woman or man
Tells its tale of a tortured soul.
But I pass by with a careless jest,
Bent upon pleasures and follies galore.
I have no place in my hard, cold heart
For the souls that are broken and aching sore.

This is the song of me, the World!
For they who suffer I have no care.
I've gazed with scorn on a million souls
And seen them sink in their utter despair.
I've laughed and joked for a thousand years,
Keeping in step with the flight of Time.
This is the song of me, the World—
Serene in my majesty, cold, sublime!

SPRING SIGNS

When night her ample cover spreads across the ev'ning sky,
Up over all the chimney tops the peevish night hawks fly.

Far out upon the dusky air is heard a pealing bell,
And through the woodland colorades its echo seems to dwell.

The shadow forms of half-seen flow'rs bow down before the
breeze,
And on the peaceful air is heard the whispering of trees.

The rushing of a mountain stream, though hidden from the view
Bears all my thoughts upon its crest, beyond the uplands blue.

Then out upon the balmy air is heard the welcome sound,
Of many families of frogs that haunt some swampy ground.

THE LITTLE RED STAR

The little red star shone brightly down
From the dusky summer sky,
And all the other stars shone and blinked
'Way up in the world on high.

I called to the stars, "Good-night, good-night!
And you, Mr. Moon, you too!"
And the moon and stars looked down and smiled
From the world above the blue.

"Good-night, little girl, good-night, good-night!"
Said the little red star, and blinked.
But the moon looked down with a smile benign—
"Good-night, little girl!" and winked!

So all night long the little stars shone,
While I roamed through the land of dreams.
And over the pathways of Slumberland,
The little star cast its gleams.

'HILL 70'

The Scotchmen lay on the five-mile front,
Awaiting the signal for charging.
Five miles of Scots to bear the brunt
Of the battle's flame-edged margin.
Five miles of Scots to face the foe
In the grey of the early morning.

The order to charge is given at last
And the British leap for the Germans.
"Marmalade for Ever!" as they rush past
Yell the Scotch, while with keen-edged sermons,
They preach to the heathen, in accents of iron,
The fate that each traitor is earning.

A few minutes work—to the next trench racing,
The Germans are seized by scores.
Meanwhile, the German machine-guns are tracing
Fantastic gaps through the British corps.
And so, through the four lines, the Allies, victorious,
Rush for 'Hill 70' in force.

Backward and forward the long line is wavering
Under the heavy shell-fire.
Wildly the Gurkhas, the Germans are sabreing,
Trampling the bodies deep into the mire.
So work they onward, until at the summit,
The Germans, in haste, soon retire.

'Hill 70' is won, and the Allies, victorious,
Cheer to the smoke-laden skies.
Now, people tell of the great fight so glorious,
And, for its dead, each nation still sighs.
But, for the Scots and the British, what glory!
Won 'neath Europe's dark skies!

*This was the slogan used by the Scotch in their famous
charge on 'Hill 70.'

LINES TO A DEAR FRIEND

'Tis just a little thought of you,
When nights are long and still,
And bright the firelight casts a glow
Across the window-sill.
Or when the wind goes shrieking past
Some snowy-burdened hill.

How sweet are all the thoughts of you,
That steal from out the night!
I trace the mem'ry of your face,
In yonder fire's warm light.
And dream the sweetest things of you,
Before the fire so bright!

SPRING MESSENGERS

When the apple trees are bright,
In a flood of pink and white,
And the bob-o-link comes back
In the spring,
The little grass blades green
On the hillside, too, are seen,
And the robins all come back
Just to sing.

When the bees work all the day
And the little white lambs play,
Then the blackbird comes again,
In the spring.
And the hawthorne's snowy white
Sheds a clear transparent light
When the Orioles come again
In the spring.

When the little brook runs by
With a glad and happy cry,
All the meadow larks come back
In the Spring.
And, from dewy morn till night,
I can hear their song so light—
Now that blue birds have come back
It is Spring.

SOLITUDE

With the opal shine of an angel's wing,
 The gates of the morning open swing.
 The sombre pines, on the mountain sides,
 Shake with the rumble of glacier slides.
 The heavens, now, like amethysts glow,
 Reflecting their light on the dazzling snow.
 A belated bear goes prowling by,
 A mere dark spot 'neath the glowing sky.
 The mountain torrents, through rocky ways,
 Wildly leap, and scatter their sprays.
 Aimlessly flying in yonder sky,
 The sea-gulls sail with an eerie cry.
 An eagle, up in the heavens away,
 Eagerly circles in search of prey.
 Silence reigns o'er every glen
 That ne'er has echoed the tread of men.
 So, pass the hours of the lonely day,
 'Till the sun sinks low with a parting ray.
 The curtain of night rolls slowly down,
 And plunges in gloom each mountain crown.
 Through the jet-black night no sound is heard,
 But the eerie laugh of a loon disturbed.

OH, BREATH OF HEAVEN

You passed me when the skies were blue,
 And June's sun shone with splendour bright.
 The perfumed blossoms sweeter grew,
 Where you had passed with heart so light.

You left me standing 'neath the trees,
 But gave a smile like Heaven's grace.
 A mem'ry floated down the breeze—
 Oh tell me, was it thy sweet face?

You passed me when the skies were blue;
 But down the span of all the years,
 When sad my heart will turn to you,
 Your smile will mingle with my tears.

You passed me—oh, 'twas long ago,
 But should the time for ever roll,
 Your smile through all its years will grow,
 Until it slumbers in my soul!

CON AMORE

When the quiet of the waters of the sound
 Is profound,
And the splendour of the sunset casts a glow
 Far below.
Then the murmur of the pine trees sends a song
 Far along,
Where the waters of the bayou have the beach
 Within reach.

I hear the sheep bells mingle with the rills
 From the hills,
And a night-hawk in the heavens sends his cry
 From on high.
While a myriad of voices seems to grow
 Far below,
From a city 'neath the hillside where the throng
 Pass along.

Then the memory of things that fill our life
 Full of strife,
Tries to crush our hearts at ev'ning when the day
 Fades away.
But the mem'ry of a friend will make the soul
 Sweet and whole,
And love will surely banish all the strife
 Out of life!

ROMANCE

Stealing up like the shadows that rise with the early dawn,
Stealing over the heart in the roseate glow of a song.
Breathing soft of a dream, and the joy of the golden sun,
Made of dreams which the hands of the fairies had softly spun.

Twining soft in the gloom of a life that is sore harassed,
Drifting shadows of wearying things that can never last,
Fade as the shimmering mists of a morning in May will do,
Leaving only the blessing of love, and the joy to You!

THEY WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

The sun came out of the rosy east and beheld, on the ocean
blue,
A ship full sail with snowy wings and a happy, jovial crew.
They laughed and joked as they worked away, and at every
small mishap,
The carefree laugh would echo afar from many a merry chap.

The sea was calm and fair and clear, without a billow to mark
That the vessel was doomed, that summer day, with every
one on the barque;
The birds flew by on their silent way nor warned the men that
the night,
Held, for them, such a measure of earthly horror and fright.

The sun went down in the crimson west and beheld, on the
ocean blue,
The same clean ship on her ocean trip and her merry sailor
crew,
Their work was done and they soon were asleep, except the
one at the mast,
And he was thinking of his old home, and his happy boyhood
past.

'Twas midnight. On the placid sea, no sound disturbed their
rest;
The vessel ploughed the oily waves with an anxious, hurried
zest.
The stars did show a glimmer bright, like a pathway for the
barque,
To guide her homeward from afar across the sea so dark.

A sudden crushing sound was heard, the ship stopped with a
jerk;
The lookout, with an anxious brow, was gazing through the
murk
To see how large the black rocks were that held the vessel
fast—
He somehow felt that in this world that evening was his last.

—Continued next Page

They Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships—Continued

The good old captain hurried up—a kind old man was he;
His hair was like the foamy waves on an angry tossing sea.
His steel-blue eyes a kindly gleam had for his sailor band;
Truly this ship, with its merry crew and captain, was well
manned.

The hungry waters nearer crept at the fated vessel's prow,
The sailors all came hurrying up from their cabins down below;
And, when their jumbled senses knew the danger to them all,
They rallied around their captain brave, bound with him to
fall.

He looked on them with pitying eyes, his brave sailor crew,
He knew no help was there for them as the waters nearer drew;
He bade them all a last farewell and tears were in his eyes,
While the waters seemed in wildest glee to swallow up their
prize.

Just as the ship was going down, o'er the old ocean wide,
From all the sailors standing there in a row, side by side,
There came a shout exultant, for they did not fear for death,
And the fated steamer, settling fast, became a sunken wreck.

LOVE'S LITTLE HOUR

I watch the starry splendour of your eyes,
That rival midnight when the north star gleams,
Or midnight suns that play in northern skies
And cast reflections over lakes and streams.
No Grecian maiden, crowned with beauty's grace,
Had eyes more darkly bright with life and love.
I watch the rose-light stirring in your face,
And call you sweet—so angels are above.
But you—my angel—are more dear to me
Than human heart or words can ever tell!
My heart leaps faster as I gaze on thee,
While I am silent lest I break the spell.
Oh doubly sweet, oh doubly dear, art thou,
So I, in silence, give you love for love.
Then, full of reverence, bend and kiss your brow,
And so am lifted up to realms above.
So I forget the sorrow and the care,
Forget that time goes on with tireless pace—
I feel the silken meshes of your hair,
In soft caresses touch against my face!

MEMORIES OF A DARK RED ROSE

We danced upon the happy green,
That May-day sweet and fair,
When my love plucked a dark red rose,
And twined it in my hair.

Thro' all those days our hearts entwined—
Each morn we vowed anew,
That all the world was made for us,
And so we fonder grew.

Thro' all the hours of that sweet spring,
We walked and loved alone;
But when my lad was fanned to sea,
The summer winds no more moan.

So my young love put out to sea,
But promised to be true;
While all my blessings followed him
Across the wide, wide blue.

And so, tonight, I sit and think
Of that sweet May-day fair,
When my love plucked a dark red rose
And twined it in my hair.

Outside, the lone and bitter winds
With sob and moan go by.
I seem to hear—oh, do I dream—
A sinking human's cry!

Alas, I fear it is no dream
That runs into the day,
For tidings come that my sweet love
Was drowned outside the bay.

Thus, sad, I linger o'er the scene
Of that sweet May-day fair,
When my love plucked a dark red rose
And twined it in my hair.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER

Old Autumn's heart is bleeding in the Maples on the hill,
The birds have ceased their calling, and the air is very still.
The airy tops of thistle-down are floating on the breeze
And lonely winds are sighing through the Autumn-coloured
trees.

The flow'rs have lost their perfume and the butterflies have
fled.

By yonder brook the water-flags are hanging limp and dead.
And through the lonely silence of the drowsy Autumn day,
No sound disturbs the solitude, for Summer's passed away.

Oh, wondrous Summer glories that have fled with Autumn's
morn,

They faerie forms have vanished and the world is left for-
lorn.

But soon thy birds will come again to cheer with happy song,
And lazy-blowing April winds will bear thy songs along!

CHIMES OF DE VEAUX

Fling out your silver peals,
Over the river's breast.
Speak to the waters, peace,
Bid the wild Rapids rest.
Peal sweetly, high and low,
Chimes of De Veaux.

Chime to the flaming woods,
Gay in the morning sun.
Chime to the solemn pines
After the day is done.
Peal sweetly, high and low,
Chimes of De Veaux.

Ring out your silver strains,
Over Niagara's breast.
Bid the wild waters roll,
On to their ocean-rest.
Peal sweetly, high and low,
Chimes of De Veaux.

THIS IS THE DAY

This is a day which the Lord hath made.
What does it mean to you?
Does it mean just the passing of hours, that fade
In the distance, vague and blue?
The cowed monk, in his stony cell,
In devotion prays to God;
Following the path he knows so well—
Where his Master's feet have trod.
And again, in a cell of stone, we see
A prisoner, held for crime.
He sighs, "Another day for me,
O, unrelenting time!"
And then, as the hours roll slowly by,
The scene grows strangely still.
What is that black against the sky
On the brow of yonder hill?
As it closer comes, the funeral strain
Of music, weird and sad,
Brings gloomy thoughts, within its train,
And the day's no longer glad.
But the funeral passes out of sight—
The hills are bright and gay;
The sun shines out with a golden light,
On the glorious, Heaven-made day.
And white lambs play in the meadows green,
In innocent frolic and fun,
Giving a touch to the brightened scene,
In the joy of the golden sun.
But the sun does not shine bright to all—
In the hovels of the poor,
They seem to await the one Last Call
Of which they all are sure.
And the gaunt, starved poor, in the midst of crime,
Sorrow, and sicken and die,
In crowded cities of every clime,
Beneath the sunny sky.
But the sun sets low in the rosy west,
Where the ocean breakers roll,
Guiding on to a haven of rest
Where the vespers softly toll,
The longing sailors, from foreign lands,
To their native home again;

—Continued next Page

This is the Day—Continued

Where loving hearts and loving hands
 Await brave sailormen.
 And so the sun sinks out of sight,
 And a silence, calm and still,
 Follows the fast-receding light
 O'er the brow of the western hill.
 Then noisy rooks fly home to rest
 In the pine trees' sombre shade.
 The end has come to the day so blest,
 The day which God hath made.

WELCOME, AMERICA!

Into a brave alliance,
 With England, the Mother-land,
 Bidding a proud defiance
 To the German's mailed hand.
 Pouring the flow'r of your manhood
 Over the rolling sea,
 Army and Navy staunch have stood
 To the cry that came to thee.

Into the din of battle
 With England, my Mother-land,
 Hearing the crash and rattle
 Of the despot's mailed hand.
 In open trench or in stricken wood,
 Sons of the brave and free—
 Nobly thy Army staunch has stood
 To the cry that came to thee.

Into the deepest ocean
 With England, my Mother-land,
 Seeking no false promotion
 Under a mailed hand.
 Doing deeds that are brave and good
 Out on the tossing sea,
 Bravely thy Navy staunch has stood
 To the cry that came to thee.

On, to the victor's glory,
 With England, the Mother-land!
 Paths that are rough and gory,
 'Neath the blows of a mailed hand.
 Over the trench and the smould'ring wood,
 Over the tortured sea,
 Army and Navy staunch have stood
 To the cry that came to thee.

THE OAKS OF BRITAIN

When noble oaks, in days of old,
 Made Britain's navy strong,
No foreign foe however bold,
 Could hope to rule her long.
For Britain ruled the ocean wave,
 Her good ships ruled the sea,
No son of hers would e'er turn slave
 When he could keep her free.

Then hark again, oh sailor band,
 And hark ye soldiers true;
The hateful foe holds out his hand
 And tries to conquer you!
But Britain's call is loud and clear,
 And British hearts are strong,
And when you go, a British cheer
 Shall speed her sons along!

Today the German reaches forth
 His hand for Britain's crown.
He calls his troops from south and north
 And tries to crush her down.
So come ye lads, ye sailor host,
 And train your guns again.
May never foe assail her coast
 While you patrol the main!

A FAREWELL TO A LOVED FRIEND

Oh, farewell, thou dear one, the pine trees are sighing,
 Are sobbing their sorrow out into the night!
While swift through the storm rack the white moon is flying,
 Disturbing the gloom with her flickering light.

Oh sweet were the days that we squandered together,
 The praise that we lavished as Springtime flew by!
But into the Summer that now bids us sever,
 The cloud of our parting drew swift o'er the sky.

So, now while the pine trees are sobbing and sighing,
 And flowers are nodding so gay in the breeze,
My heart turns to you with a love that's undying,
 And sobs out its sorrow beneath the pine trees!

A TIMID MAN

When I read the daily papers, they are all about the war;
If I look up advertisements, they add a little more.
I see the glaring posters saying, "Why not enlist now,
This is the chance for your V. C. with laurels for your brow!!"

The other day I met a friend, in a place called Littletown,
And he was dressed in Khaki—so he looked me up and down.
Then he talked about enlisting, while I trembled through and
through,
And all night long I could not rest—I felt so dreadful blue.

Last night I thought that I'd go out to see a picture show;
They showed me war-zone pictures—it was an awful blow.
Then they sang of 'King and Country,' 'till I felt quite ill at
ease,
And fought, with all the strength I had, to steady my poor
knees.

I feel too much afraid to put my head outside the door,
But sit at home and dream about the happy days of yore.
But meanwhile, Fortune's wheel, for me, is moving very slow—
Why are folks making all this fuss, I'd really like to know?

THE DERELICT'S DESIRE

I wander around 'neath the open sky,
Though I wander miles, no friend comes nigh;
'Neath darkened skies, on the wings of the storm,
Hundreds of miles I am farther borne.
But I long for my home, which is in the deep,
Where the star-fish lie and the mermaids sleep!

Deserted and lonely and longing for home—
Ah, how I long for my master gone!
Ah, how I long for my rest so sweet,
Where the coral grows and the fishes sweep!
My own dear home, which is in the deep,
Where the star-fish lie and the mermaids sleep!

Should some good ship now pass my way,
Listen to the pleading ship, I pray!
Sink me to rest on the coral strand—
Deep in the sea out of sight of land.
For my home I long—for the crystal deep,
Where the star-fish lie and the mermaids sleep!

THE WIND

Over the river,
Over the plain,
Dipping and skimming
Over the grain.
Blowing the sailors
Far out to sea—
I am the Monarch,
Laughing in glee!

Over the cities,
Murky and gray,
Darker with sorrows,
Day after day.
Over the mountains,
Down to the sea—
I am the Monarch,
Laughing in glee!

Into the caverns
Hid from the sun,
Watching wee foxes
Tumble in fun.
Into the woodlands
Where troubles flee—
I am the Monarch,
Laughing in glee!

Stealing at ev'ning
Over the pines—
Lifting the shadows
Where the sun shines.
Out on the ocean,
Boundless and free—
I am the Monarch,
Laughing in glee!

PATHS OF THE PAST

Upon the beaten paths of yesterday
Your footsteps burn.
I meet the sweetest memories of you
At ev'ry turn.
The smiles and tears that have gone on before,
Their joy and pain,
Along the golden paths of yesterday
Come back again.

—Continued Next Page

Sunshine and Shadow Page twenty-seven

Paths of the Past—Continued

Oh, paths of yesterday, so wondrous fair,
 What joys you hold!
Upon your mossy stones again I see
 The past unfold.
For days that stretch ahead I have no thought,
 For they are sad.
But looking back upon the past,
 My heart is glad.

BUTTERFLIES

Happy little butterfly,
 Dancing through the flowers,
Dancing o'er the garden green,
 Skipping through the bowers;
Flitting through the treetops,
 On your idle way;
Always bright and happy
 On a summer's day.

Pretty little butterfly,
 Dancing through the woods,
Trading with the bluebells
 For their treasured goods.
Playing with the daisies,
 Laughing with the sky—
Floating like a thistledown—
 Happy butterfly!

Cheerful little butterfly,
 In a sweet content,
With the golden buttercups
 Your sweet life is spent.
Sin, and Care, and Worry,
Smiling, pass you by;
Looking back, they murmur,
 "Happy butterfly!"

Darling little butterfly,
 Free from care and strife,
Bringing only sunshine
 In our weary life,
Dance across the meadows;
 Hover o'er the pool;
Kiss the pretty dog-rose
 When the woods are cool.

PEALING BELLS

Peal, solemn bells, to yon dark sky,
Whose fitful moon, a moment shining,
Gleams through the clouds that onward fly—
Peal in your solemn glory!

Peal, solemn bells, ring out for all—
The iron tongues of war may tell
Of nations' rise or nations' fall—
A past and passing glory.

Peal, solemn bells, yet slower still,
And send your mournful notes a-flying;
The cloud of war hangs dark and still—
Peal for our Country's glory!

Peal, solemn bells, and tell of One,
Whose Love outlives all earthly strife.
Long though the course of war may run,
Peal to His crowning glory!

MEMORIES

I can hear the church bells chiming,
As they chimed long years ago.
And the English ivy, climbing,
Wanders o'er the church below.
The peaceful graves are covered
With a quiet, restful green,
As though the angels hovered
With their blessing, on the scene.

I can hear the church bells ringing,
And my thoughts turn back again,
Where the nightingales are singing
In the land across the main.
And a deep and heart-felt longing
Bears my thoughts across the sea,
Where a host of memories, thronging,
Bring the dear scenes back to me.

I can see the snowy hawthorne,
And the little brook close by,
Glistening, in the ruddy May-morn,
'Neath a bright, warm, English sky.
So, 'mid scenes of countless number,
To my childhood's happy days,
Will my heart turn, fond and humbler,
From the world's bewildering ways.

THE WAR-SUMMONS

O'er hills and through valleys the war-note is sounding;
Through cities and towns rings its call, thin and clear;
From hamlet to cottage it bounds, and rebounding,
Strikes Britain's foemen with soul-filling fear.

Over the blue waves, that dance in the sunlight,
Homeward her ships turn to England's fair shores—
Back from the lands where the sun shines at midnight—
Homeward from India and the Azores.

Khaki now covers the brave hearts of Eng. and—
Brave hearts that beat for their loved country's cause;
Many are fighting for love of the dear Land—
Fighting for Justice and Freedom's pure laws.

Ye who are British and proud of your country,
Ye who love honour, and freedom, and right,
Would you see women and children go hungry,
Murdered, or homeless, because you don't fight?

O'er hills and through valleys the war-note is sounding;
Through cities and towns rings its call, thin and clear;
Through Europe the sound of the cannon is pounding,
Pursuing the Germans with soul-filling fear.

TO SIR HORACE HOOD

(Commander of the Invincible)

Peal forth your message, oh sad bells of England,
Mourn from the hamlet and mourn from the coast;
Ne'er will his feet tread again on the mainland—
Ne'er will his voice ring commands from his post.

And all his dirge is the surge and the seabirds,
That wheel o'er the place where he now lies at rest.

Peal forth your message, oh bells of Westminster,
Send your sad notes to the tormented skies;
Mourn, though the war clouds still hang dark and sinister,
Mourn to the west where the soft daylight dies.

But all his dirge is the surge and the seabirds,
That wheel o'er the place where he now lies at rest.

Pour out your laments, oh people of England,
Pour forth your prayers for his soul now at rest;
For he is dead, now, who so loved his homeland,
That he gave his life which, to some men, is best.

But all his dirge is the surge and the seabirds,
That wheel o'er the place where he now lies at rest.

THE FAIRIES' SONG

When the moon is shining bright
And the dells are all a-glow,
In and out the moon-beams' light,
Little fairies come and go.

With great bats for charioteers,
And the elves for courtiers gay,
Revel we 'till morn appears
And the night clouds roll away.

Down the moonbeams do we slide,
Six small fairies in a row!
Or upon a rose we ride
'Neath the fireflies' mellow glow.

Then we dance until the day
Spreads its banners o'er the sky.
From the dells we haste away
E'er we see the Sun's bright eye.

But if you will only rise
With the waning of the moon,
Underneath the graying skies
You will hear the fairies croon.

You will say 'tis all a dream—
'Tis the willows in the breeze,
Or the rushing of a stream
'Neath the overhanging trees.

Laughingly you'll turn away,
As we close our parting song.
But, throughout the busy day
With you will it go along!

Fare ye well! The day is nigh,
Morning gleams on every hand.
E're the sunbeams sweep the sky,
We must be in Fairy Land!

TO MY HEARTSEASE

I dream of thee when stars are gleaming far up over head,
I dream of thee at twilight when the busy day has fled.
When peaceful lights are mirrored soft upon the river's breast,
Your spirit hovers near me and my soul is then at rest.

The angels cease their singing when you smile so fair on me,
And just my heart's wild throbbing tells my soul's wild ecstasy
My soul then frets its prison as a bird will fret its bars,
And pine for God's sweet freedom up among the gleaming stars.

When life's last pain is over and life's cares are lying dead,
And the passions of the spirit to their spirit graves are fled,
The love that is all-blessing, and the joys that are the best,
Will join our souls together in the land beyond the West!

THE BATTLE VISION

The bursting shells and screaming guns
Lit up my path like flaming suns.
And through the chaos and the woe,
I saw my comrades bravely go—
Then out upon the battle-tide,
Methought I saw the Crucified!

Methought I saw the Crucified,
Nailed to the cross on which He died.
And with a pity, deep, divine,
Look on the carnage—see the wine
Of youth and manhood offered up,
While Death reached out and grasped the cup.

The Vision faded from my sight,
And shells lit up the awful night.
I saw men lying cold in death,
As flowers struck down by Winter's breath.
And many a well-loved son lay there,
His life blood darkened in his hair.

Oh, Blessed Vision—Man Divine,
Take all their souls and make them Thine!
Smile on the Mothers, old and gray,
Bless all the Children far away—
Breathe out Thy love on Sorrow's tide,
And ease their cross, oh Crucified!

SONG OF THE SLEIGH BELLS

We are the sleigh bells,
Happy little sleigh bells,
Out upon the frosty air
Merrily we ring.
We call the children,
Laughing, rosy children,
Call to them to join the fun
That we always bring.

We are the sleigh bells,
Merry little sleigh bells,
Ringing with a sweet refrain,
Through the countryside.
We call the lasses,
Laughing lads and lasses,
Bearing them, in happy glee,
On a merry ride.

We are the sleigh bells,
Joyful little sleigh bells,
Even through the wildest storms,
Merrily we ring.
We love the children,
Happy, dimpled children,
Lowering our merry tones,
As they sweetly sing.

LINES TO THE OLD YEAR

Oh path where soft the sunshine played,
And clouds their fleeting shadows threw,
In all thy moods of sun and shade,
To thee, old year, have I been true.
And looking back, through all thy days;
From Springtime's flow'rs to Autumn's leaves,
I feel the sun's caressing rays,
And hear the wind among the eaves.
And so, today, before the fire,
With snows piled thickly white outside,
I do not heed the tempest's ire
For on its wings my thoughts do ride.
I watch the dimpled azure sky
To see the golden sun decline.
I'll say, old year, before you die,
No other days can equal thine!

EVENING ON LAKE ERIE

The last faint gleams of sunset stain the bosom of the West,
And noisy crows fly homeward to the hillside's wooded crest,
And the waters of old Erie in the starlight heave at rest.

The bearded woods that line the shore are silent as the tomb;
While only straying moonbeams serve to lighten up the gloom,
And faint from out the distance we can hear the city's boom.

We sit around the camp-fire where the embers pale and glow,
Recalling all the happy days of dear old long ago,
While Erie sobs in answer with a voice so soft and low.

SEPARATION

Smile, little face, through the twilight,
And guide me on.
You entered my heart's black midnight
Where sun ne'er shone.
You filled my heart with a blessing,
Before unknown,
So I, my longing suppressing,
Pass on alone.

Dear Little Love! Through the ages,
I'll dream of thee,
Out where the wild wind rages
Across the sea.
You will I love forever,
'Till life shall cease—
In Heaven we'll meet together,
Where all is peace!

DISENCHANTED

I gazed awhile with wond'ring eyes,
And thought the world was Paradise.
I thought it held sweet things and fair—
The gifts that Fortune showered there—
And dreaming saw but fair blue skies
Bend smiling o'er my Paradise.

I gaze today, with longing eyes,
On what I thought was Paradise.
I find it full of want and care;
Of yearning hearts that sorrow there.
And clouds are in the fair blue skies
Of this, my poet's Paradise!

THE GORGE OF NIAGARA

Within the mighty Gorge I stand alone,
But little more than those small grains of sand
Which lie unnumbered, where the wave-worn shore
Stretched out to grasp them in its open hand.
But high above the river's mighty voice,
A crystal throat brings in its note of charm—
The steady drip of water on a ledge
Of rocks, upheaved as by some mighty arm.

O'erhead the trees, with pray'rful murmurings,
Breathe soft to all the winds that flutter by—
The breezes that but came a moment hence
And went their airy journey with a sigh.
The river winds its fretful way along,
But deep within its plaintings, great and small,
I hear the mighty Maker's mighty voice
In thousand thund'rous accents rise and fall.

TO MY MOTHER

The thought of you is like a half-blown Rose,
With petals op'ning to a flaming sky.
It's tender heart seems filled with sweet repose,
And wond'ring turns its radiant face on high.
No sigh—no sigh,
When withered petals seek their last Repose.

The thought of You brings rest so wond'rous sweet,
And all Life's sorrows flee to haunts unknown.
When, heart to heart, in sympathy we meet,
Nor heed the world that stands to fling the stone.
'Tis sweet, oh sweet,
To dream sweet dreams and love but You alone!

THE SAILOR'S SONG

Oh, we were made for the ocean blue,
Oh, we were made for the sea;
We're English lads, all strong and true,
And England's pride are we!
The angry seas we do not fear,
No foe can make us quail,
For the sailor's home is the ocean dear,
And the sailor's friend, the gale.

We sail away with a merry song,
For we are England's might.
We work right hard, for we are strong,
And a song makes a burden light!
No sailor lad was ever afraid,
When Drake was the leader true—
So we, today, for the sea are made,
And we love its glorious blue!

Oh, we were made for the ocean blue,
Oh, we were made for the sea.
Our gallant ship is strong and true,
And England's pride is she!
We guard the coasts of our native land,
Of foes we keep her clear.
England's pride is her sailor-band,
And England's our country dear!

THE SHELTER OF THE NIGHT

The muezzins call for prayer at eventide,
Through all the gorgeous glamour of the East.
And, with the velvet darkness of the night,
The weary peasant from his labour ceased.
So, with the night, a silence seems to fall,
That lifts the soul, above the cares of life,
To meet its God in peaceful solitude,
That banishes the sorrow and the strife.

How sweet it is to seek some lonely spot,
And meet thy God, alone, beneath the night.
To feel his touch, in every wanton breeze,
That fills the weary soul with glad delight.
It matters not the country—not the clime—
In terraced garden, or in meadows wide,
The weary soul that seeks the velvet night,
Shall find God's presence at his very side!

THE HOMELAND

I long to be away across the wild and foamy sea,
Where only cries of seabirds, and the winds may come to me.
And no deep'ning sorrows in my soul can ever find a home,
But scatter, like my longings, far away upon the foam.

I'm longing for a little island nestling in the main,
To hear the starling singing after April's silver rain.
Where the perfume of the Hawthorne soothes the longing of
the soul,

And England, Merrie England, is the one and only goal!

FOR THE GLORY OF "OLD GLORY"

We're leaving home and country
To fight across the sea;
The stars and stripes before us
Cry out for victory.
Afar their misty splendour
Makes hearts beat fast and true.
America, our own sweet home,
We'll fight, yes die for you!

For the glory of "Old Glory,"
We will face the fiercest foe.
Beneath our gallant banner
To victory we will go.
And through the din of battle
Our flag shall proudly wave,
As she has done these many years,
O'er gallant hearts and brave.

Your country's calling to you,
Her voice is strong and clear;
And ne'er before a tyrant,
Shall she bow down in fear!
So lift our starry banner,
In triumph to the sky;
Beneath its fluttering glory,
We'll fight, if need be, die!

For we were born in freedom,
We hate the foreign yoke;
And free we've kept our country,
From the invader's stroke.
Then, down with dark oppression,
And all its cares and woe!
We'll cheer again the stars and stripes,
As on we bravely go.

TO OUR DEAD SOLDIERS

They have fought for their country's glory—
They have died in their youth and prime—
But the glorious, noble story
Shall live through the flight of time.
Ypres can speak of glory—
How the smoke of burning homes,
Mingled its simple story,
With that of her blazing domes.

They have fought, and they still are fighting
Beneath the Italian suns;
With bombs and shrapnel, biting
To the roar of the screaming guns.
They have died, and they yet are dying,
For the loved ones far away;
And their blood, to Heaven, is crying
For help in the furious fray.

They will fight 'till the foe is taken—
'Till every hill and plain,
With the happy news is shaken
And the joy-bells ring again.
They will die, that the wrong may be righted,
They will die for liberty;
'Till the countries, whose homes are blighted,
Will rejoice that they are free.

UNDER THE STARS

Beneath the starry curtain of the night,
Some small belated boy goes whistling by.
And it's no plaintive, melancholy strain
That finds its way to those bright stars on high.
And through the empty silence of the streets,
Where houses nestle closer in the dark,
His footsteps mark the rhythm of his song,
And echo and re-echo through the park.
And so, with song, does he beguile the way,
The while the great stars watch him from on high.
'Till, in the distant winding of the streets,
The last gay echoes softly faint and die.
Then silence settles o'er the world once more—
The summer evening fills the soul with peace.
And through the pulsing stillness of the night
The weary heart from sorrow finds surcease!

THE OLD, OLD LOVE

I watched the cattle slowly stray
Between the pasture bars,
And musing slowly followed them
Beneath the glowing stars.
The homely sound of insect life
Pursued me o'er the lea,
But I was half unheeding for
My thoughts were all of thee!

I thought I was a gallant prince
Upon a mighty steed;
And all the things which wealth could buy,
For me had been decreed.
And noble courtiers bended low,
Great ladies smiled on me;
But I was all unheeding for
My thoughts were all of thee!

At length I reached the corner
Where the hazel bushes grow,
And I knew my dream was ended
When I heard the cattle low.
So I turned to life's reality,
But oh, 'twas sweet to me,
For I met you in the gloaming and
I pledged my love to thee!

Full many years have passed since then,
So like a bubble fair,
That floats in all its radiant sheen
Upon the summer air.
And life has shed its smiles and tears
Alike on you and me.
But unto Death my fondest thoughts
Will ever be of thee!

HIS LILIES

Winter had come with a bluster and blow—
The lilies lay dying amid the snow.
The stormy wind swept coldly by,
Paying no heed to the lilies' sigh—
Dying under the snow.

Springtime had come with a smile and a song,
To welcome the brooks from their prison strong.
The lilies swayed beneath the sky,
Strong in a Love that can never die
Through the centuries long.

THE FISHER-WOMAN'S LAMENT

The languid cataracts that dash
Their waters on the stones below,
With rumbling roar and crash,
To the great sea onward flow.
And the great sea sails the ships,
That flit before the wind,
Like stag-hounds from the slips,
That sight the fleeing hind.
And the white ships on the sea,
Full of pearls and rubies rare,
Draw swiftly nearer me,
O'er the flowing seas so fair.
As the flowing seas roll on,
I strain mine eyes, to see
If my own dear sailor John,
Is coming home to me.
Alas, they tell me nay—
That he perished long ago,
In a strange land far away,
Where limpid waters flow.
Where the limpid waters flow
'Neath a blazing southern sky,
Where my John lies I will go,
And near him I will die.
Turn back, ye fair white ships,
And back ye waters flow.
As the hounds from the slips,
To your cataracts go.
For you have ta'en my lad
In your cruel embrace;
And I yearn so sad
For his sweet young face.

ALONE WITH THE NIGHT

I am alone
In the great amphitheatre of the night,
Under the stars that gleam with flickering light;
When the night winds murmur plaintive thoughts and low,
And the heart turns back to days of long ago.
I am alone
With the quiet stretch of meadows far and near,
And the river's voices rising soft and clear.
And in the deepest recesses of my heart
The peace and rest of the evening find a part
When I am alone.

SWEET CHIMING BELLS

Chiming o'er city and river,
Chiming to stars and sky,
The liquid strains
Of your sweet refrains,
On the night winds softly die.
And down in my heart, forever,
In the depths of the tossing sea,
When wild winds scream
And waters gleam,
Will your sweet notes peal for me.
Then chime to the Heavenly Giver—
Chime to the sunset glow,
And my weary soul
To its only goal,
With thy soaring notes will go.
Chiming o'er city and river,
Chiming to stars and sky,
The liquid strains
Of your sweet refrains,
On the night winds softly die.

THE SONG OF A SAILOR

Oh, the wind blows free
O'er the rolling sea.
Oh, the wind waves roar
On the rocky shore.
And seagulls fly
In a stormy sky,
As far from home we're sailing!
On the anchor haul—
We must meet the squall
Where the wild winds rave
O'er the mighty wave.
And o'er the deep
We will gaily sweep,
As far from home we're sailing!
Oh, a life at sea
Is the life for me;
When the canvas strains
To the clank of chains.
But sweet is home
To the ones that roam,
And o'er the sea go sailing!

AN EASTER MESSAGE

The gladdest day of all the year,
Has come again with bud and song;
When Spring has clothed the meadows drear,
And brooks are flowing free and strong.

The Easter message comes to all,
When fields are green and skies are blue—
In hut and great baronial hall
The flame of love burns clear and true.

While some are in the Spring of life,
And some the Winter of old age,
Still all must face a world of strife,
To find, at last, their heritage.

To you, kind friends, whom I do love,
My wing'ed thoughts turn happily.
Oh may God bless you from above,
And keep you through Eternity!

IN EXILE

I wandered by a little brook
That wound its way among ^{the} trees.
And underneath a Hawthorn shade
I wove a thousand memories.
And placed o'erhead sweet English skies,
'Neath which to weave my fantasies.

In my sweet dream, it seemed to me
These alien skies were those of home.
I thought no more my weary feet
On foreign shores would have to roam.
I caught the incense of the flowers,
That blew to me across the foam.

Morning and evening do mine eyes,
Turn to behold each flaming sun;
I watch the moon's pale rays recline,
On twisting mist-banks, fairy spun.
And dreaming thus, it seems to me,
Old England's skies I gaze upon!

REMINISCENCES ON A SMILE

The summer winds that steal
The fragrance from the flow'rs,
Blow idly over me,
Throughout the drowsy hours.
The birds are blithe and gay,
For summer's noon is high.
No cloudlet comes to dim,
The beauty of the sky.

Oh Love! My heart and soul
Cry out aloud for thee!
The idle summer winds
Bring visions fair to me.
Again I see you smile,
As you have often done,
When looking down on me—
Half mischief and half fun!

Oh summer winds blow soft,
For I am glad to-day.
Her tender parting smile
Has brightened all a way!
Ah, she is very fair,
And all the world to me!
My eyes grow dim with tears
When her sweet smile I see.

TO A SEAGULL

The gulls that fly o'er the river's breast
Cry out like a soul that longs for rest;
Where, into the silence of woods and shore,
There comes no hint of the city's roar.
When God shall call me at last to rest,
My soul shall live in a seagull's breast.
And over the river I'll slowly wing,
Through stormy days when the north winds sing;
Where only a row of lonely trees
Shall lift their branches to skies that freeze.
And the world will pity, but never see,
The soul that has launched on Eternity.
But a tear will fall from the Father's throne,
And find its way to my lonely home!

THE CHIMES

Out upon the briny ocean
Where the full-rigged ships were tossing,
Rang the chimes in sweet devotion,
Ringing high and ringing low.
Bells with voices loud as thunder,
Some with voices clear as moonlight;
Echoing all the wild cliffs under,
Answered faintly from the sea.

As the noise within a sea-shell
Echoes faint the ocean's roar,
Where the sounding streamlets fell
From their high and rocky ledges;
So their echoes, faintly falling,
Far out on the heaving water,
To the ships were calling, calling,
Calling them to love and safety.

Chiming over all the city,
Over squares the sun illumined.
Over scenes of want and pity,
Where the sun was loathe to enter.
Echoing faintly o'er the ocean,
On the breezes blowing seaward—
Where the waves, with wild commotion,
Dashed against the rocky ledges.

THE BOY WHO DIED AT SEA

Oh ye waves of the ocean roll,
And lull my laddie to sleep, to sleep;
He cradled lies in your boundless arms,—
While the winds are singing so soft and deep.
You've clasped him close to your throbbing breast,
My laddie sleeps in a perfect rest!

Oh ye waves of the ocean roll,
The winds are singing his threnody.
The seabird calls from a sullen sky,
But his boyish voice does not answer me.
My heart is craving to share his rest,
Cradled with him, on thy throbbing breast.

TO AN ENGLISH SKYLARK

When the clover is in blossom, and the apple trees are white,
And the gurgle of the river fills the soul with glad delight,
When the first warm winds steal northward where the skies
 are clear and blue,
Will the first sweet flowers of summer send their message out
 to you.

Through the pearly mists of morning, through the silver sheen of
 rain,
From the fields of budding clover sings the skylark once again.
Soft and sweet, as though to waken thoughts of home and
 friends so dear,
Then with thrills of wildest gladness for the springtime of the
 year.

Oh sweet herald of the morning, sing thy song of glad delight.
Soaring from the fields of clover 'till we lose thee from our
 sight!

In the Spring my heart's wild longing is to be across the foam,
When thy song, oh happy Skylark, bids the exile welcome home!

SWEET ISLE OF LOVE

England, my Mother Land,
England, my own,
Ne'er will the tyrant's hand
 Hold thy sons down!
Strong as the sturdy oaks,
 'Neath thy blue sky,
Under invaders' strokes
 Ne'er will they lie!
For thou'rt the Ruling Queen—
 Queen of the Seas,
Of Glen and wild ravine—
 Queen of the breeze.
Ne'er shall thy Misteltoe,
 Sacred of old,
To the marauder go
 While life we hold!
England, my Mother Land,
England, my own,
Ne'er will the tyrant's hand,
 Crush thy sons down.

GOODBYE, SUMMER!

Beneath the warm sun's languid ray,
The golden harvests riper grew;
And calm the shadowed river lay,
A glitt'ring streak of deepest blue.
Under the maples' ruddy shade,
The royal gentians proudly stood;
Proclaiming to the peaceful glade,
Themselves as guardians of the wood.

In open fields the golden-rod
And white-faced daisies held their sway.
All worshipping the sun, their god,
Throughout the drowsy Autumn day.
An orchestra of crickets played,
Among the grasses by the road.
While asters, all in white arrayed,
Their fragrance on the winds bestowed.

Oh, Summer! Linger yet awhile,
For Winter's frost and biting cold,
Serves not our troubles to beguile
As does thy simple white and gold!
Thy flowers are all a work divine,
And made for hearts that sorrow here.
Oh Summer, there's a spot in mine
That loves thee, and thy flowers, dear!

THE VISION BEAUTIFUL

Oh birds, whose restless pinions cleave the blue—
Those great, untrammelled paths that lead to God—
And wing your tireless flight each day a-new,
In brighter ways than e'er man's footsteps trod,
Oh, tell me, in the cold blue depths of sky,
If you have ever seen God face to face?
Ah, that my soul with you could sail so high,
And know the wonders of His holy place!

Before the throne of God, the seraphim,
With six wings furled, stands humbly in His sight.
With twain he hides the angel face of him;
And hides with twain, his feet from Heaven's light.
And with the other twain he cleaves the skies,
The while he sings to God in words of praise.
'Till all the souls that wait in Paradise,
The mighty chorus of God's glory raise!

THE CALL O' SPRING

Come ye merry lads and lasses,
Now the Spring is here,
When the lilting song of robins
Fills the world with cheer.
Daffodils are calling to you,
Skies are soft and fair—
Come ye merry lads and lasses,
Spring is in the air.

Come ye merry lads and lasses,
All the world is bright;
And the south wind's tender kisses
Make the heart beat light.
Grassy slopes are calling to you,
Softly sings the rill—
Come ye merry lads and lasses,
Spring is calling still.

Come ye merry lads and lasses,
Spring is beckoning!
In the warm translucent heavens
Larks are on the wing.
Life is short and Time is fleeting—
'Twill not always stay—
Come ye merry lads and lasses,
Spring has come to-day.

AS MOTHS AT CANDLELIGHT

We watch you whirl and we say, "Poor things,
Be careful lest you burn your wings!"
We watch you swirl in the dizzy dance,
And up and down with your fellows prance.
When soft and cool is the even's breath,
You whirl around in the dance with Death—
As we watch you whirl, we say, "Poor things,
Be careful lest you burn your wings!"

I've seen you whirl in the last mad race,
And looking off to the world of space,
I think to myself, with a bitter sigh,
How oft 'tis a candle round which we fly.
How soft is its glow to our dazzled eyes,
As the world's bright delusions softly rise—
And say to myself, "Alas, poor things,
Be careful lest you burn your wings!"

THE VALLEY OF DOUBT

I walk through the Valley of Doubt, today,
And the path is rough and drear;
While the mossy stones, on its barren way,
But strengthen my growing fear.
I think of the days that were passing fair,
When the skies were calm and blue;
And the song of birds in the crystal air,
But deepened my love for you.

I dwell in the Valley of Doubt, today,
And the flowers are dying there;
They get no glimpse of the sun of May,
For only the clouds hang there.
And I stumble along on its rocky bed,
My heart, with its passions, hot,
Since the happy days, for me, are dead,
With the dreams which they had brought.

I weep in the Valley of Doubt, today,
And I pray to the Friend of All,
That e'en while I tread its broken way,
He will help me when I fall.
But He will love me—I know He will—
'Till the Valley's safely past;
And then, in a world that is better still,
I shall see His face at last!

LOOK UP!

Look up and see the cloudlet's silver lining—
Behold the radiant promise of the morn—
The shafts of sunlight through the night-clouds shining,
The heralds of a day but newly born.

Look up! For you the Heavens all are flaming;
The lark trills bursts of rapture to the sun,
And all the mighty Heavens are proclaiming
The glory of God's handiwork well done.

Look up! above earth's bitter pain and sorrow,
For you the Sun-god spreads his radiant wing.
Look upward from To-day into To-morrow—
Forget the world and hear the angels sing!
Oh! let us not forget the sun is shining,
But lift to Heav'n our sad and weary eyes.
And through the sheen of Heaven's silver lining,
Thy soul shall glimpse God's mighty Paradise.

THE SONG OF A SHEPHERD

A shepherd played on his sweet-voiced pipes
By the side of a purling brook.
The soft winds danced with the water-flags,
And the quivering poplars shook.
So the shepherd played through the long, long day,
As the sun swung by on his golden way.
For the world is wide, and the winds are high,
And Life is made for song.

A maiden sighed by the purling brook,
'Neath the shade of a willow tree.
And the sun shone down on her golden head—
Such a sorrowful maid was she!
So she sadly sighed through the long, long day,
And her heart knew naught of the sun's bright ray.
For the world is wide, and the heart is sad,
And Life is made for tears.

The high winds wafted the maiden's sighs
To the spot where the shepherd lay.
He told her tales of the magic land
Where the murmuring breezes play.
So he took her into the Land of Love,
As the sun shone down from his throne above.
For the world is wide, and the winds are high,
And Life is made for Love!

BUDS O' MAY

Come and gather ye buds o' May,
Cherry and apple from orchards gay!
The hawthorne's bright, and the brook runs free,
Sparkling and chattering on to the sea,
In the dawn of a bright May morning.

Come and worship the buds o' May,
Spring is dreaming throughout the day!
The river's full and the skies are blue,
Maples are jewelled and shining with dew,
In the dawn of a bright May morning.

Come and seek ye the buds o' May,
Heart o' my heart, where the fairies stray!
The woods are bright, and the hills are green,
Rivers are gleaming and soft is their sheen,
In the dawn of our hearts' May morning!

BLUE GRASS

The silver rain-drops love thee,
The moon shines full above thee;
The soft fair breath of summer-time
Stirs all the earth a-new.

The starry nights bespeak thee,
The golden sunbeams seek thee,
Where in the dells and meadows wide
Are seen thy faces blue.

The butterflies adore thee,
The bees are meek before thee;
Oh! sweet Blue Grass, the open fields
I roam in search of you!

NIAGARA

Dashing and boiling,
With furious pace,
Rush the wild waters
In their mad race.

Crowned with a glory
Of maple and oak,
Thy rocks tell the story
Of Nature's yoke.

Flushed with the splendour
Of Autumn's bright glow,
Silent, yet tender,
Sweet Gentians blow.

Oh mighty river,
With boiling and foam,
Dash on forever,
Knowing no home.

Bear my wild longing
Far out to sea,
Away from life's thronging
To liberty.

Dashing and boiling,
With furious pace,
Seethe the wild waters
As on they race.

THE FISHERS' SONG

The fishers were hauling their nets by the sea;
Their nets by the sea, their nets by the sea;
The golden sun lingered, and brightly shone he—
As I lay on the sands of the shore.

The fishers were singing, as laboured they on;
As laboured they on, as laboured they on;
Singing the songs of their forefathers gone—
While I lay on the sands of the shore.

The fish gleamed like silver—they hauled as they sung;
They hauled as they sung, they hauled as they sung;
While over the waters their pleading song rung—
And I lay on the sands of the shore.

The bright sun sunk lower—still lower sunk he;
Still lower sunk he, still lower sunk he;
The song of the fishers came floating to me,
And I listened to them from the shore.

“Oh laddie, my laddie, come home from the sea;
Come home from the sea, come home from the sea!
A mother's heart's aching and breaking for thee,
Oh speak, shall I see thee no more?”

One morning her laddie came home from the sea;
Came home from the sea, came home from the sea;
“Ah laddie, thine old mother welcometh thee,
Who thought ne'er to gaze on thee more!”

The fishers have finished their work and their song;
Their work and their song, their work and their song;
But their song, in my heart, through the years lingers long,
And I picture the scene on the shore.

TO A DEAD SPARROW

They say that not a sparrow falls,
But God sees it with pitying eye—
Today I found a little bird
That cold and stiff in Death did lie.
The wings that once had blithely cleaved
The sky's untroubled stretch of blue,
No more would skim the unmeasured miles
That glistened with the morning dew.
A little voice is sadly missed
Amongst the flowers' fragrant breath.
Within my hands a wee bird lay,
So peacefully asleep in Death.

TWO FRIENDS

(A Sketch)

Little Blue Eyes, with your roguish smile,
And the rosy lips where the laughter plays,
You charm my heart with your greetings gay,
With your merry moods and your winning ways.
You look on life as a summer's day,
And you charm our hearts with your piquant face.
Little Blue Eyes, when you linger near,
You hold me entranced by your merry grace!

Little Brown Eyes, with your tender glance,
With sympathy big in your heart for all,
Sweet kindness shines in your soft brown eyes,
And tells us no sorrow can be too small.
Your rosy lips have no unkind word,
And the sunlight lingers among your hair.
Little Brown Eyes, with your tender smile,
You hold me entranced in a vision fair!

Dear Little Friend of the piquant face,
And the rosy mouth where the laughter lies.
How sweet to me are your sunny ways,
And the joyous glance of your azure eyes!
But dearer to me than she can know,
Are the smiles of a certain Brown-Eyed maid.
And in my dreaming, again I see,
The sheen of her hair where the sun had played!

GOD, AND THE RAIN, AND I

God, and the rain, and I, and nothing else coming between,
But the rugged Autumnal tints of the Maples' blazing screen.
And a wonderful peace of mind creeps down from the leadensky,
Folding us all into silence—God, and the rain, and I.

God, and the rain, and I, and the world around us asleep—
Nothing to break the trend of thoughts that are big and deep.
And life's best moments are those, when out of a lowering sky,
The mists enfold us in silence—God, and the rain, and I.

THE WINDS OF NIAGARA

Blow strong from the River, O Breeze,
For hot are my passions to-day.
Breathe soft from your feathery trees
And blow all my sorrows away.
Oh make my heart buoyant and glad,
As gay and as free as thou art;
For my soul is so weary and sad,
I would have its dark visions depart.
Oh breezes that ripple and curl
The waves on the great river's breast,
The banners of morning unfurl
Their gleams on each foaming wave's crest!
So lull my wild passions to rest
As you airily dance to the sea,
And the thoughts that are wholesome and best
Will scatter their blessings on me!

MY LITTLE HONEY BABE

Sleep, honey babe, sleep;
The moon shines o'er the deep;
And one little star, like a bright clear eye,
Looks on my honey babe from the sky.
Daddy has gone to the cotton field,
Soon he will bring a season's yield;
Mammy remains to be thy shield—
Sleep, honey babe, sleep!

Sleep, honey babe, sleep;
While daring swallows sweep;
And out on the lake, like a silver bar,
The moon casts a shadow, deep and far.
Squirrels are playing in every tree,
Birdies are singing their songs for thee—
The fishers are sailing far out to sea—
Sleep, honey babe, sleep!

Sleep, honey babe, sleep;
The stars their night watch keep;
The angels hover, on pearly wing,
And to my honey babe softly sing.
But, little honey babe, close those eyes,
Dark'ning above thee are velvet skies,
Far in the west where the daylight dies.
Sleep, honey babe, sleep!

THE DEAD IN FLANDERS

We are the spirits of men who were killed in the fighting in
Flanders,
Fighting invisible battles with foes who were slain by the
thousands.
All through the hours of the day and the night we are waging
our warfare,
Knowing no rest 'till the war-clouds shall sink o'er the world's
far horizon.

Mortals know naught of the burst of our shells, or the roar of
our cannon—
Praying for rest to our spirits from churches, cathedrals and
homesteads;
Reaping the harvests of futile endeavours with tears and with
heartaches—
What can they know of the loved ones who fight on those old
scenes of battle?

We are the spirits of men who were slain by the thousands in
Flanders,
Wearily waiting for warfare to cease and for God's benediction.
Then, when our kindred are free from the menace of war and
its sorrows,
We shall go gladly to rest in our graves in the bosom of Flanders.

SPARROWS

What a twitter and a flutter
Comes from yonder tree!
Little sparrows, soft and downy,
Scolding hard at me!
Little eyes, so dark and shiny,
Watch me from the bough,
Where, in safety, still they scold me—
They are angry now.
I am but a rude intruder,
I have spoiled their fun!
So I get an awful scolding
From each little tongue.
I have passed, and down they flutter
From the friendly tree.
They are safe and seeming happy—
They've forgotten me!

HE IS MY BROTHER

Have you ever thought, as you passed along,
On a crowded city street,
That every man in that vast throng
Of hustling, hurrying feet,
Is a brother of yours, though aged and bent
With the troubles and cares of life;
Though now his strength is nearly spent,
For he bore his share of the strife?

Have you ever smiled on that anxious brow,
And made the poor heart glad?
The memories he carries now
Are painful ones and sad.
Have you ever thought, as you hurried on,
Of the millions in cities that dwell?
Or that you, yourself, are only one
In the multitudinous swell?

And so, as you pass through the ways of life,
Just think, of the people you see,
Though weary and worn with a wasting strife,
"He is a brother to me!"
And smile on the face so worn and sad,
That turns to gaze on you;
Just try to make one brother glad—
'Tis an easy thing to do.

TWO CLOUDS

Across the barren stretch of wintry sky,
With ever-growing speed there came two clouds.
And one, so stately, passed the other by,
Whose misty outlines scarce could be discerned.
But ever on they flew before the wind,
While greater, brighter, grew the foremost cloud,
And left the smaller one to fade behind,
While it sailed on, alone, across the blue.

So then, I thought, the stately cloud was You,
And I, the lesser, following in your path.
But ever on, across the trackless blue,
Each moment saw you fairer than the last.
So then I watched, awhile, the lesser one,
And saw it fade completely from the sky,
Until, alone, the glorious cloud sailed on,
Across the misty splendour of the sun.

THE PRAYER OF THE CHILDREN

(A Prayer for August 4th)

Father in Heaven, Oh hear us this day;
Let now this war-cloud roll darkly away.
Keep Thou the fathers and brothers so dear;
Safe in Thy keeping, oh may they not fear!
Give Thou the widows and orphans Thy love,
Send Thou Thy blessing to them from above.
Father in Heaven, oh bend down Thine ear,
Send Thou Thy blessing to those we hold dear.

Father in Heaven, Thy babes pray to Thee,
That brave, in the battle, the dear ones may be.
Send Thou Thine angels to hover above,
And bring them the peace of Thine infinite love!
Father, have mercy to those that do stray,
And bring all this conflict, and utter dismay.
Father in Heaven, oh bend down Thine ear,
Send Thou Thy blessing to those we hold dear.

Father in Heaven, from Thy throne so bright,
Send Thou the beams of Thy Heavenly light.
Comfort the dying, and those wounded sore;
Help them to come to the Beautiful Shore!
Those that are wounded and left on the field,
Helpless and dying, in Thy mercy shield.
Father in Heaven, oh bend down Thine ear,
Send Thou Thy blessing to those we hold dear.

APRIL

April comes a-smiling over leafy woods and meadows green,
Dancing o'er the cataracts and weeping into tranquil rivers;
Dreaming over azure skies and sighing through the cloudlets'
sheen,
Sifting all the shadows where the wind among the branches
quivers.

Oh sweet month of flowers and sunshine, painting earth with
scenes Elysian,
Stealing o'er the frozen north and breathing soft of happy days,
Breathe into our souls, oh April, all the joy that meets our
vision,
'Till it rises, in its fullness, to a glorious hymn of praise!

WHEN FALLS THE NIGHT

Beyond the hazy uplands
The sun has gone to rest.
The hawthorne glows and shimmers
Against a glowing West.
The noisy crows fly homeward,
As night creeps o'er the lea;
And with the night come visions
And wond'rous thoughts of thee!

Though darkness may enfold me
Beneath its sable wings,
I hear the countless voices
Of myriad living things.
And through the quiet evening
The stars look down on me.
And in the night wind's sighing
I hear you calling me.

I hear your soft voice calling—
And oh, 'tis wond'rous sweet.
It floats upon the night winds
A-down the quiet street.
Beneath night's sable curtain,
A vision fair I see.
And through the misty starlight
You seem to smile on me!

TO A STRETCH OF WOODS

The breast of Mother Earth is covered o'er,
With last year's tender mantle of dead leaves.
But underneath the grav and sombre spread,
The living pulse of Nature softly heaves.
Today the sun shines through the naked trees—
It seems the very winds have held their breath—
And just such solemn stillness holds its reign,
As holds one awed and silent before Death.

I seek an ancient stone o'ercrept with moss,
To let this great calm sink into my heart.
Old Mother Nature casts her spell o'er me,
And heals my soul of all its heavy smart.
So, in this great cathedral of the wild,
One hearkens for an organ's opening call—
The only sound that breaks the solitude,
Comes from a crystal-throated waterfall.

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

When the drowsy summer evening sees the sun sink down to
rest,
And the waters take their colour from the rosy, blushing west,
Then the fireflies start to twinkle, as they flit among the trees
That rustle soft and gentle, in the after-sunset breeze.

And in the dreamy twilight, when the stars begin to peep,
And birds, and trees, and flowers, at last have gone to sleep,
Oh, then how grand and solemn 'tis, to let the memory stray,
And hover o'er the loving scene of many a by-gone day!

How painful are the memories that come before the mind!
How vivid are the pictures no power on earth can blind!
Of souls then wrenched asunder, and driven far apart!
The twilight brings a dear face back to cheer the broken heart.

So, through the drowsy evening, shrills the sound of insect
life,
And far across the meadows, the hawk renews his strife.
As thus I sit and ponder—as thus I think of thee—
Do summer twilights bring you just one small thought of me?

WINTER'S FIRST SNOW

Glittering bright,
Under the sky,
Falling light,
 Snowflakes lift
 And sift.
Under the night
They coldly lie,
 Scattered a-drift.

Melting away
Under the sun,
The snowflakes lay,
 Forming streams.
 Their gleams
Merrily run
From out the day,
 Into my dreams.

A YARN

I am St. Peter, a-sitting up in Heaven,
Playin' on a pearly harp from six to seven,

On my head a halo of the brightest light;
Angels hover over me from morn till night.

Here comes ol' Doc Anderson, used to deal in pills,
Used to mix up powders for pains an' human ills.

But as soon as Prohibition happened along,
He sold his reputation for the price of a song.

He cured the rheumatiz and other ills,
Not with deep potations, but with little pills.

Many were the patients a-dying for a jag,
Found their consolation in the doctor's bag.

Doc, you will have to go where bad souls dwell,
So take a box of salve for burns, and fare ye well!

Next on the roll call! Mr. John Smith,
Oftentimes the hero of the modern myth.

You were a profiteer, shot the prices high,
Couldn't even see them up here in the sky.

You soaked for bacon, you soaked for eggs,
You soaked for cabbages, you soaked for pegs.

What's that you're talking of, the H. C. of L.?
That doesn't worry Satan, he'll treat you well!

Next man step forward! Ah, Mr. John Blank!
Used to be a teller in a New York bank.

You were a swindler—little hope for you—
Take him down to thaw him out, Winter's nearly due.

Think I'll take a little rest, time is gettin' late,
Send the word to those doomed souls, that they'll
have to wait.

Where is my halo? Straighten out my wings,
I'm off to meditate on Heavenly things!

CANADA'S GREETING TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES

O, Canada's arms are strong as oak,
O, Canadian hearts are brave;
And for Empire's glory gladly dare
The foe upon land and wave.
O, Canadian hearts grow big with pride
As our gallant Prince goes by;
And Canada owns no heart today,
But for him would fight and die.

O, Canada yields her golden grain,
And treasures from sea and mine,
And her forests flaunt to the skies of blue,
Their Maple and Spruce and Pine.
O, Canada's lands stretch broad and fair,
As our gallant Prince goes by,
And Canada's swelled by hearts today,
Who for him would fight and die.

Niagara rolls to the mighty sea
With a heart all full of song,
And seeks to render its mead of praise
To our Prince, as it rolls along.
O, the days are fair and the hours are gay,
As our gallant Prince goes by,
And Canada throbs with many a heart
Who for him would fight and die.

ROYAL TRAIN
AT MONTREAL
Oct. 28th, 1919

The Private Secretary to
The Prince of Wales is desired
to thank Miss Fuller for the
verses which she so kindly
sent to His Royal Highness
and which he has been pleased
to accept.

INDEX

- 11 A FANTASIE**
- 24 A FAREWELL TO A LOVED FRIEND**
- 39 ALONE WITH THE NIGHT**
- 47 AS MOTHS AT CANDLELIGHT**
- 42 AN EASTER MESSAGE**
- 56 APRIL**
- 25 A TIMID MAN**
- 7 A VISION OF BROWN EYES**
- 59 A YARN**

- 50 BLUE GRASS**
- 49 BUDS O' MAY**
- 27 BUTTERFLIES**

- 60 Canada's Greeting to the Prince of Wales**
- 8 CATKINS**
- 21 CHIMES OF DE VEAUX**
- 17 CON AMORE**

- 33 DISENCHANTED**

- 33 EVENING ON LAKE ERIE**

- 36 FOR THE GLORY OF "OLD GLORY"**

- 52 GOD, AND THE RAIN, AND I**
- 46 GOODBYE, SUMMER!**

- 55 HE IS MY BROTHER**
- 14 'HILL 70'**
- 38 HIS LILIES**

- 42 IN EXILE**

- 41 LE LOUP GAROU**
- 48 LOOK UP!**
- 19 LOVE'S LITTLE HOUR**
- 15 LINES TO A DEAR FRIEND**
- 32 LINES TO THE OLD YEAR**
- 11 LINES WRITTEN IN DRUMMOND HILL CEMETERY**

- 28 MEMORIES**
- 20 MEMORIES OF A DARK RED ROSE**
- 58 MEMORIES OF LONG AGO**

INDEX—Continued

- 4 MY HEART'S PRAYER
- 53 MY LITTLE HONEY BABE
- 7 MY SHIP ON THE SPANISH MAIN

- 50 NIAGARA
- 8 NOCTURNE

- 6 O, HAPPY DAY!
- 16 OH, BREATH OF HEAVEN
- 9 ON THE REMEMBRANCE OF A SMILE

- 26 PATHS OF THE PAST
- 28 PEALING BELLS

- 43 REMINISCENCES ON A SMILE
- 41 REMORSE
- 17 ROMANCE

- 33 SEPARATION
- 8 SOLILOQUY
- 16 SOLITUDE
- 9 SONG OF THE AVIATOR
- 32 SONG OF THE SLEIGH BELLS
- 54 SPARROWS
- 15 SPRING MESSENGERS
- 13 SPRING SIGNS
- 40 SWEET CHIMING BELLS
- 45 SWEET ISLE OF LOVE

- 31 THE BATTLE VISION
- 44 THE BOY WHO DIED AT SEA
- 5 THE BOY WHO DIED AT THE FRONT
- 47 THE CALL O' SPRING
- 44 THE CHIMES
- 54 THE DEAD IN FLANDERS
- 21 THE DEATH OF SUMMER
- 25 THE DERELICT'S DESIRE
- 12 THE DROWSY SONG
- 30 THE FAIRIES' SONG
- 51 THE FISHERS' SONG
- 39 THE FISHER-WOMAN'S LAMENT
- 34 THE GORGE OF NIAGARA

INDEX—Continued

- 22 **THIS IS THE DAY**
36 **THE HOMELAND**
13 **THE LITTLE RED STAR**
24 **THE OAKS OF BRITAIN**
38 **THE OLD, OLD LOVE**
56 **THE PRAYER OF THE CHILDREN**
5 **THE PRISONER**
10 **THE PEASANT'S PRAYER**
35 **THE SAILOR'S SONG**
35 **THE SHELTER OF THE NIGHT**
40 **THE SONG OF A SAILOR**
49 **THE SONG OF A SHEPHERD**
12 **THE SONG OF THE WORLD**
10 **THE SPIRIT OF NOONTIDE**
48 **THE VALLEY OF DOUBT**
46 **THE VISION BEAUTIFUL**
29 **THE WAR-SUMMONS**
26 **THE WIND**
53 **THE WINDS OF NIAGARA**
18 **THEY WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS**
51 **TO A DEAD SPARROW**
45 **TO AN ENGLISH SKYLARK**
43 **TO A SEAGULL**
57 **TO A STRETCH OF WOODS**
31 **TO MY HEARTSEASE**
34 **TO MY MOTHER**
29 **TO SIR HORACE HOOD**
37 **TO OUR DEAD SOLDIERS**
55 **TWO CLOUDS**
52 **TWO FRIENDS**
- 37 **UNDER THE STARS**
- 23 **WELCOME, AMERICA!**
57 **WHEN FALLS THE NIGHT**
58 **WINTER'S FIRST SNOW**

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